

A Reflection; A Realization by NeroAnne

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Genre: And Jonathan is fed up with it, M/M, Nancy's a bro, New Years, and Steve Harrington is an adorably confused dork, the boys are boys, this is just cute again

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Summary:

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“I don’t,” Jonathan’s arms crossed and Steve watched as the smaller man tapped his fingers against his sleeved bicep, “Elaborate.”

Inside, Joyce excitedly announced that there was only five minutes left until the New Year. The sound of glasses being pulled from the cupboard carried on to them outside and Steve sighed, bringing his hand up to nervously rake back his hair.

“When you two hooked up, all right?”

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Author's Note:

Day 7: Happy Holidays!

The last day will be on Christmas Eve, so I thought it fitting to have it be about the holidays. It doesn't have to be about Christmas, any holiday will do!

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I also just want to take this time to say THANK YOU to BigBagLittleRed, who orchestrated this entire event. You've made this ship take off and leave an indelible mark on my heart and I truly thank you for the love and amazing dedication you've shown these two boys. This ship won't sink, can't sink, with you as our captain. Much love and many thanks.

~~-1984-~~

"Ball's about the drop," Steve announced as he walked out of the house. He wandered over to the boy staring at the stars, and gently nudged him with his own shoulder, "How come you're out here when the party is in there?"

Jonathan didn't answer right away. He kept his gaze on the dark sky, his lips pulled down, "Just reflecting." He glanced back towards his house at the sound of Lucas screaming at Dustin, who no doubt had done something to completely warrant the verbal lashing.

"Reflecting," Steve echoed. He studied the small blonde. With the way the bright light from the window was hitting his side and the moon's rays shining down his face, his pale skin looked almost ethereal-completely enchanting.

"This year was interesting," Jonathan said softly.

A good word for it, Steve decided. Will Byers becoming possessed, dog-like demon things attacking the ever-loving shit out of him and

the kids, Jonathan and Nancy going away on a road trip to try and bring some justice to Barb's death and doing fuck knows what else, Billy Hargrove being a complete shit heel, Eleven popping up out of nowhere, and all that other fun stuff in between then and now.

Like Christmas...where Jonathan had been wearing a really soft looking green sweater. It was a tighter fit than usual, the Byers boy liked his clothing loose normally, but that green sweater...it was pressed against his slender form so nicely. The collar dipped against the groove of his clavicle, the hem curling up just a bit to reveal the sharp hip-dents and pale tummy as Jonathan reached up, his hands guiding Eleven's small hands, as he helped her put the star up on the Christmas tree...

Steve shook the thought away, smiling at Jonathan as he looked over at him curiously, "Thinking about that night with Nancy?"

Jonathan frowned, turning his body to stare at him closely, "What do you mean?"

"The night," Steve shrugged, trying to keep the emotion out of his tone or the longing from his eyes, "in the hotel...when you two, y'know."

"I don't," Jonathan's arms crossed and Steve watched as the smaller man tapped his fingers against his sleeved bicep, "Elaborate."

Inside, Joyce excitedly announced that there was only five minutes left until the New Year. The sound of glasses being pulled from the cupboard carried on to them outside and Steve sighed, bringing his hand up to nervously rake back his hair.

"When you two hooked up, all right?"

Jonathan stared at him for a few seconds. Then he smirked.

Steve wanted to kiss him.

"Are you serious?"

"What?" Steve said defensively.

"I didn't hook up with Nancy," Jonathan said quietly, eyes shining with mirth, "We talked all night. She said you liked to be the little spoon."

"That's a lie!" Steve said immediately, cheeks red, "I just sometimes feel like I'm smothering-wait." He blinked, "Why were you talking about me?"

Jonathan's smile fell.

The sudden sound of Will's excited counting began in the house but it sounded far away. Steve stared, watching as Jonathan's face turned away from him. Unacceptable.

"Hey," Steve stepped closer, reaching out to grab Jonathan's chin. He curled his fingers around the smooth skin, gently bringing Jonathan's gaze back to him. He stared down into those wide eyes.

"You really are an idiot sometimes," Jonathan mumbled softly, cheeks blushed but eyebrows narrowed.

"I don't understand," Steve said honestly. The sudden chanting from inside of the house distracted him a bit and he glanced over to the house. Voices, from Hopper's loud baritone to Eleven's confused but adorably excited, counting started to rise.

10.

"That's why you're an idiot," Jonathan said, his lips finally curling.

9.

"But why?" Steve demanded as he looked back to the blonde, pouting petulantly, "How am I supposed to find out what I did to be considered so dumb if you don't tell me?"

8.

"We stayed up," Jonathan repeated, staring expectantly up into Steve's face, "all night. Talking about *you*. She told me that you liked to be the little spoon. Because I asked her what it was like."

7.

"I wanted to know what it was like to sleep. With you. On a bed, in a room, cuddled up close enough to be able to smell that damn hairspray in your hair, or the smoke from your cigarettes,"

6.

"Or that obnoxiously expensive cologne you douse yourself in." Jonathan whispered, his eyes begging for Steve to understand.

5!

"I don't douse myself in it," Steve complained weakly, but he moved his face closer once Jonathan's eyes rolled.

4!

"Steve," Jonathan grabbed the lapels of Steve's leather jacket, pulling him down so that there was nowhere else to look but into each other's eyes. "I'm attracted to you."

3!

"And I have been since you swallowed up your stupid pride and tried to come apologize to me the night we were attacked by the Demogorgon. And on that night, when I ran away with Nancy, I told her and she laughed for a good while, saying, 'I knew it!' over and over again and told me that you were attracted to me too."

2!

"She told you?!" Steve whined, "I should have never confided in her, the damn blabbermouth. She promised, and I—"

1!

Jonathan tugged on the lapels harder and leaned his head up at the same time.

Zero.

Steve's eyes closed out of pure instinct. He was still, his hands grasping at the air around Jonathan's waist, lips pressed closed in complete surprise. He felt long fingers sink into his hair, and a smooth tongue gently beg entrance to his mouth and he finally jolted, his arms coming around to pull Jonathan into a hard embrace, mouth opening to immediately dance with that slick tongue.

They kissed heatedly, as if they'd been doing it for ages. Shit, Jonathan could kiss. Extremely fucking well. He wondered about who taught the blonde how to kiss so nicely but then he quickly brushed away the thought.

It didn't matter who Jonathan's first kiss was, who helped him become so experienced. All that mattered was that Steve would be the *last*.

Their tongues moved in furious circles, Jonathan letting out this ridiculously attractive sound that Steve swallowed eagerly, his fingers sliding up the hem of the smaller man's shirt, drawing slow circles against the soft skin.

So consumed with one another, they didn't hear the door open and made no movement to end their passionate kiss until a loud chorus of clapping made Jonathan jump and turn his head to find the source of the applause.

Steve didn't even bother looking, burrowing his nose into Jonathan's soft hair and panting, his grin so wide that it hurt.

"Jesus, finally," Nancy groaned, breaking away from the kids, Joyce and Hopper, as she moved to embrace them both, "I was getting so bored of waiting and sharing all of Steve's secrets...but mostly just tired of waiting."

"You suck, Nancy," Steve murmured, his own arm curling around her waist. He dropped a kiss to her cheek, smiling down into her laughing eyes, "Happy New Year."

"Happy New Year, boys," she said, squeezing them both to her sides. Jonathan smiled, also moving his head down, his lips grazing her temple.

“Happy New Year,” Jonathan said to him, smiling up at him, and Steve readily smiled back, his hand coming up to the blonde’s face to trace his thumb over that kiss-bruised lower lip.

“It will be.”

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Author's Note:

I'm also writing a bonus fic later on bc I forgot to upload this yesterday but yeah. Sorreh!